
Title: Journal of Grimmoch

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Day Two:

We managed to dig out the last of the remaining rubble today , revealing the entirety of the giant stone doors that sealed ol Khal Ankur and his folks up ages ago. Actually getting them open was another matter altogether, however. As the workers set to the task with picks and crowbars, I could have sworn I saw Lysander Gathenwale fiddling with something in that musty old tome of his. I've no great knowledge of things magical, but the way his hand moved over that book, and the look of concentration on his face as he whispered something to himself looked like every description of an incantation I've ever heard. The strange thing is, this set of doors that an entire crew of excavators was laboring over for hours, right then when Gathenwale finishes with his mumbling... well I swore the doors just gave open at the exact moment he spoke his last bit of whisper and shut the tome tight in his hands. When he looked up, it was almost as if hew was expecting the doors to be open, rather than shocked that they'd finally given way.